# Accidentally Viewing of Past Scenes

by Dirk Gillabel, 2026

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## The Akashic Records

It is a rare occurrence, but it does happen. An unsuspecting person is walking along, and suddenly sees a scene that happened at that location some time ago.

It usually lasts a very short time, and as suddenly the vision disappears. The person will find himself as being in that past time period, experiencing, the past scene in vision, sound, even smells, as if they are real. How is this possible?

Esoteric doctrines, but also people who practice out-of-the-body-experiences and psychics, talk about the Akashic records. The Akashic records are a medium that is present everywhere, and that records everything that has happened and is happening. It is not a particular place in the astral realms or any other dimension, although the human mind, when in the astral planes, will shape it into a gigantic library, for example, because the mind likes familiar structures. By itself it is only an energetic structure and does not have any particular shape. Consulting the Akashic Records is done by tuning into the desired target.

Akashic Records contains every act, emotion, thought, event that has ever happened. When consulting the Akashic Records one can view them as an observer, but one can also enter the scene and experience it as if one is really there at that location in that time period.

How does this tie in with accidentally viewing of past scenes? Earth contains many energy structures on its surface. They are usually called dimensional doorways, or vortexes. They have many kinds of energies and functions. You can call them 'energy spots' to simplify the concept. These energy spots fluctuate in their energy structures, intensity and even their location. At certain times they can interact with the human energy system in a profound way. On such energy spots one can get healed, converse with other cosmic beings etc. Once in a while its interaction with the human energy system will be such that the person will accidentally tune into the Akashic Records of that location, and thus view a scene of the past. This will be of course quite startling as it can be experienced as very real.

It is also possible that a past scene recording is temporarily overlaid onto our physical reality. Then we would find ourselves in that past scene as if it is real and physical. After all, what we call physical reality is just energy/wave packages with frequencies. Solid matter does not exist. Change the frequency, and matter will change too. Maybe the reverse is happening. When we enter the locally changed area (because of earth energy upwelling), we ourselves have our frequency changed to the one of the akashic record. In this case, we will not be in the physical dimension anymore, until we leave the area, or the earthy energy upwelling disappears.

If we are thus in tune with the akashic record, then the people in this akashic scene are not the real people. They existed once, but what we now encounter are something like recorded holograms that will act more or less like the once existed personalities.

I have gathered a few first-hand accounts of people who stumbled into such scenes, just to give you an idea that this can happen to anyone.

# People's Experiences

## Carl Gustav Jung and the Mosaics in the Baptistery at Ravenna, Italy

In 1932 the famous Swiss psychiatrist, psychotherapist, and psychologist Carl Gustav Jung and Toni Anna Wolff who was a Jungian analyst and a close collaborator of Carl Jung, visited the city of Ravenna, Italy. At the Baptistery of the Orthodox or Neonian Baptistery, located right next to Ravenna's cathedral, he perceived a mild blue light that filled the interior. Jung and Wolff saw four large mosaic scenes that showed Biblical themes. He did not recall seeing them during a visit 20 years earlier. He and Wolff discussed the images for about 20 minutes. Later on he discovered that the mosaics had once existed but did not exist anymore.

Even on the occasion of my first visit to Ravenna (Italy) in 1913, the tomb of Galla Placidia seemed to me significant and unusually fascinating. The second time, twenty years later, I had the same feeling. Once more I fell into a strange mood in the tomb of Galla Placidia; once more I was deeply stirred. I was there with an acquaintance, and we went directly from the tomb into the Baptistery of the Orthodox.

Here, what struck me first was the mild blue light that filled the room; yet I did not wonder about this at all. I did not try to account for its source, and so the wonder of this light without any visible source did not trouble me. I was somewhat amazed because, in place of the windows I remembered having seen on my first visit, there were now four great mosaic frescoes of incredible beauty which, it seemed, I had entirely forgotten. I was vexed to find my memory so unreliable. The mosaic on the south side represented the baptism in the Jordan; the second picture, on the north, was of the passage of the Children of Israel through the Red Sea; the third, on the east, soon faded from my memory. It might have shown Naaman being cleansed of leprosy in the Jordan; there was a picture on this theme in the old Merian Bible in my library, which was much like the mosaic.

The fourth mosaic, on the west side of the baptistery, was the most impressive of all. We looked at this one last. It represented Christ holding out his hand to Peter, who was sinking beneath the waves. We stopped in front of this mosaic for at least twenty minutes and discussed the original ritual of baptism, especially the curious archaic conception of it as an initiation connected with real peril of death. Such initiations were often connected with the peril of death and so served to express the archetypal idea of death and rebirth. Baptism had originally been a real submersion which at least suggested the danger of drowning.

retained the most distinct memory of the mosaic of Peter sinking, and to this day can see every detail before my eyes: the blue of the sea, individual chips of the mosaic, the inscribed scrolls proceeding from the mouths of Peter and Christ, which I attempted to decipher. After we left the baptistery, I went promptly to Alinari to buy photographs of the mosaics, but could not find any. Time was

pressing-this was only a short visit and so I postponed the purchase until later. I thought I might order the pictures from Zurich.

When I was back home, I asked an acquaintance who was going to Ravenna to obtain the pictures for me. He could not locate them, for he discovered that the mosaics I had described did not exist.

Meanwhile, I had already spoken at a seminar about the original conception of baptism, and on this occasion had also mentioned the mosaics that I had seen in the Baptistery of the Orthodox.5 The memory of those pictures is still vivid to me. The lady who had been there with me long refused to believe that what she had "seen with her own eyes had not existed.

As we know, it is very difficult to determine whether, and to what extent, two persons simultaneously see the same thing. In this case, however, I was able to ascertain that at least the main features of what we both saw had been the same.

This experience in Ravenna is among the most curious events in my life. It can scarcely be explained. A certain light may possibly be cast on it by an incident in the story of Empress Galla Placidia (d. 450). During a stormy crossing from Byzantium to Ravenna in the worst of winter, she made a vow that if she came through safely, she would build a church and have the perils of the sea represented in it. She kept this vow by building the basilica of San Giovanni in Ravenna and having it adorned with mosaics. In the early Middle Ages, San Giovanni, together with its mosaics, was destroyed by fire; but in the Ambrosiana in Milan is still to be found a sketch representing Galla Placidia in a boat.

(Memories, Dreams, Reflections by Jung, recorded and edited by Aniela Jaffé, 2018, p.285-286)

## The Oregon Vortex

The first account is a rather lengthy one, but quite interesting because it involves a well-known energy vortex: the Oregon Vortex with its House of Mystery. This energy spot has strange visual and perceptual phenomena that can be witnessed by the many tourists. The Oregon Vortex is described as a spherical field of force, half above the ground and half below the ground. If you ant to know more about its particular features, read the book The Golden Vortex, by Nick Nelson, who was the caretaker of the vortex for many years, or go to the present website The Oregon Vortex. To understand the following quote from the above mentioned book, it is necessary to know that the site contains a House of Mystery, which is actually an old 1904 assay shack of a mining company that slid off its foundation at an angle and still sits that way. Around the shack are several places, like benches and platform built over time to mark and observe certain phenomena.

Many of them were built by the original caretaker of the area, John Litster, who was a geologist, mining engineer, and physicist. He developed the area in the early 1920's and opened it to the public in 1930. He conducted thousands of experiments within the Vortex until his death in 1959.

One day, Nick Nelson, unsuspectingly, observed a major shift in the reality of the place, and witnessed a scene of the past with a man most likely to be John Lister.

> On the seventh morning, Bryton and I were alone at the Vortex without customers, so I used the free time to climb up the hill and into the brush with a compass, dowsing rods, and a magnet on a string. I thought looking at some other aspects we don't show might shed light on this new mystery.
> I first checked the position of the equivalent of the Queen's Chamber on the ground south of the old shack. This seemed to register no problem, so I thought to check circumstances on the line of demarcation at what I call the subterranean chamber equivalent.
> This "basement" position of the Vortex exists on a steep side hill, and to face toward the apex position, or upper platform 165 feet away, I have to place my back to the slope of the hill. This creates a strange impulse to fall backward uphill, and I found myself fighting the impulse more aggressively than at other visits to this position.
> I started to bring the compass up to my eyes to take a reading toward the "apex" upper platform. A strange feeling stopped me from completing the motion. Without the compass, my eyes told me that something was out of whack. I was directly opposite of the upper platform "apex", and always when I had sighted across the diameter of the Vortex from this position, a huge Douglas fir tree beside the house blocked the platform from view. The tree used to block that view, but this time the platform was in plain sight through leafless trees! I could see the platform beyond the tree to its right.
> The scenery had shifted on me, and it was not a subtle shift! I didn't get a chance to check, but the difference was at least five-degrees.
> I didn't get a chance to check because something else was out of the ordinary.
> Me.
> A hair or two stood up on the back of my neck. Things looked normal, but something felt alien, and that feeling melted quickly into what I can only describe as panic. Immediately every hair on my neck stood straight up. I could fathom no logical reason for this crazy emotion.
> I was completely, and without rational foundation, terrified, and was welded to the spot.
> To make matters worse, just below my position, about 25 feet away, a man stood with his back toward me. I didn't see him walk up, or even magically appear. He was just there, and this somehow struck me with a new wave of that intense, irrational fear.
> The man's left hand rested on a knurled walking stick, and he studied a fairly large magnetic compass in his outstretched right hand. A pile of gray hair adorned the top and back of his head. He wore what looked like a heavy wool suit coat with matching brown pants tucked into high leather boots.
> My thoughts seemed divorced from the unreasonable feeling of terror, which was making my skin pulsate. This was an area of the woods where Maria

doesn't let patrons roam, yet when I tried to ask him if I could be of assistance, I couldn't even clear my throat. My real intent was to crawl into a hole and pull the ground in after me. Without any reason, I was frozen in a silent spasm of utter, senseless dread of a sort I've never experienced before.

Apparently the intruder was unaware of me, and that suited me just fine. If I could have made my legs function, I would have fled. Perhaps ten seconds into this sighting, he looked up from the compass and peered toward the assay shack. As if from an outside command, my head raised to gaze where he was looking.

A hole developed in my stomach, all that nutty fear fell into it, and dragged me along. The old board fence around the shack didn't look right. It took the beat of at least two seconds to focus on a slight skein of snow on the roof, and this sight brought on another round of instant terror.

The temperature of the world in which I embarked on my short hike was in the low forties; chilly, but not cold enough to produce snow!

I saw him glance down at his compass. This movement evidently caused me to look at the compass I had forgotten I was holding. The sight of it couldn't have been more frightening if I had just discovered a snake in my hand. I gasped and dropped it. At light-speed my thoughts built a scenario of the instrument clattering as it hit the ground, thus alerting the man to my presence.

With a reaction I can only regard as superhuman, I snatched the compass out of midair. This is a feat I have since tried to duplicate with other objects without success. The fear magnified with a vengeance so intense I was knocked backward and staggered to catch my balance. I was sure all this commotion had betrayed my position to the enemy, and with gargantuan effort I raised my eyes to meet whatever was out there.

The man was still visible, but somehow in two or three seconds, he had gotten over beside the shack, which was probably 70 feet away. He was turned toward me, and I suddenly realized that perspective had gone completely insane.

There were two shacks; a big shack, and a smaller shack superimposed on the other. In front of the small shack with snow on the roof, the man was looking right at me. My body felt huge - a thousand feet high, and it tingled with a strange, heavy vibration. The scene of the man near the assay shack was disappearing as if it was being pulled into a hole in the air. He seemed a thousand yards away, yet I saw his eyes open wide.

A voice entered my right ear, and only my right ear. The sound appeared to come from six inches away. It was flat, yet almost breathless.

"Oh Jesus!"

I felt a dull thud in my solar plexus, and then the strange bloating anxiety bled away. My breath was coming in steam-engine huffs, and I sat heavily on the moss that carpets the side hill. For long moments I let my breath slow, and then I looked back up at the shack.

The sight was normal. The fir tree now blocked the view of the upper

platform.
I intended to tell Bryton what had happened, but halfway back to the gift shop I decided to keep such an improbable thing as this to myself, at least until I could think about it. Because of its dubious nature, I later made the decision to keep the story out of this book, but was persuaded to recount it by an insistent editor who I had entrusted with the incident.
Was it Litster in another time that I saw?
Did seeing me, and seeing the world rotate before his eyes convince him that humanity wasn't ready for what he had learned?
I can pose the questions, but the only answer I really have involves that intense fright that nearly consumed me.
I'm sure it was body fear.
My mind in that strange encounter was normal. Intellectually I was sharp, and I managed to remember everything. I think, like the house cat, or the deer at the line of demarcation, my body sensed mortal danger, and knew that one step in any direction would have plunged me into that world.

## 1950s School and Cars

In June 1980, I received word that my paternal twin had been in an accident, and was not expected to live. I immediately came home to see him. He was in a coma, and my mother, his wife, and I took turns staying at the hospital to watch over him.

On one of the days when I was "off watch", I wandered next door to the old school I had attended in junior high. I sat on the steps, and thought about the old days at school. I thought about going inside and touring the halls, but didn't because there had recently been news reports about a possible child molester hanging around playgrounds. Then I noticed 1950s vintage cars coming to pick kids up about the time the bell rang. I left the school, and went home.

My mother asked, "What have you been doing?" I told her about visiting my old junior high school, and how I had been sitting on the steps and reminiscing about old times.

She replied, "That's impossible! The school was torn down two years ago!"

My brother lived by the way, but is handicapped. (Reality Shifters)

## Woman in Colonial America

When connected with the Akashic Records, one can experience a past scene through the senses of a person in that scene, as if one was that person him/herself:

I have always been in love with Victorian culture and fashion. I've always felt some part of me belonged in that era. A few years ago I was in a VERY

> historic area of Virginia known as Old Town Winchester, living in a battered Women's shelter after fleeing a violent boyfriend. Ford Motors got its start in Virginia, and there was an old closed dealership, now an antique shop. I suspect all that old historic stuff, on an Appalachian ley line, opened some sort of portal. All I know is I was walking beside this building and I felt the air shiver around me. I was aware that my physical body was still in the present, but my eyes and whatever part of our body senses psychic energy and our astral self, saw Colonial America. I could hear horses and carriages, a market, and when I looked in the shop window I was wearing a period dress, and was thinner with different hair. It only lasted for a few minutes, and then everything was normal. (Reddit)

## Native Indians

Somebody replied to the previous post with his own story:

> I had a moment walking back to my dorm through some woods (it was a school in the middle of nowhere), and all of a sudden I felt the world shift around me. I was still in the present but around me I saw native Americans running towards something down the tree like and heard them shouting and energetic. It was a very odd feeling but then I snapped out of it and was back in real time. I'm not sure if it's similar, but it seems to be.

## 1800s Bedroom

It can also happen inside a house:

> A few years ago when I was living in my apartment, I was walking from my living room to my kitchen to get a drink and I had to pass my bedroom to get into my kitchen. As I walked past my bedroom I glanced into my room and I saw what was not my bedroom. What I saw was a bedroom from another time period. My bedroom looked like a bedroom from the 1800s. I saw old farmer style boots neatly tucked under the bed, a pitcher of water with a wash bowl, old looking bedding and an older looking bed. The whole room looked like a bedroom from the 1800s period. It was a quick glance but it seemed like time had slowed down so that I could see this.
>
> (Darkness Radio - June 13, 2016)

## Old Railway Station

> Years ago when I was about 10 or 11 years old, myself and a few other friends were walking along a disused railway line in Scotland which we

had done previously many times that summer. Through a short tunnel under a bridge was the old station and ticket office which had been empty and abandoned for some years with the roof partly gone. We would often climb inside as kids do. On approaching the end of the tunnel this Sunday afternoon we could see smoke rising up from the chimney and the building looked like it was fully occupied with doors open etc. We then caught sight of a man holding back a curtain and looking at us through a window. He had a large mustache kind of Victorian-style. I can't remember who spotted him first I just remember bemusement then panic as we tore back through the tunnel. I can't explain it, but we all saw it. I can't remember if we ever went back to investigate but I remember being driven over the bridge and looking down at the station sometime after and the place was derelict.

A comment on a YouTube video.

## New York City

I was on 5th Avenue near Central Park and walked toward lower Manhattan. I went maybe 3 blocks and decided to cut over to 4th to the East. I turned a corner, not into an alley but a regular cross street and the second I took one step into it I was shocked into standing still. The buildings and cars were gone. The noise of the city was gone. There were just trees and a field to my right. A dirt road was where the paved street and sidewalk had been. I was standing on dry dirt. The road was full of deep ruts. Further down the dirt road was a dark brown house with a low fence in front. In the road at least a block away a horse drawn buckboard full of wood crates was creaking and bouncing on the rutted dirt road. I was overwhelmed with panic. My mind raced. What if I was trapped there forever. I was dressed in a shorter skirt. I didn't speak the way people of that time would speak. I had visions of being thrown into an asylum for the insane and being lost there for the rest of my life. I quickly walked backwards and instantly was back on 5th Avenue. A man slammed into my back since I was walking in reverse. I mumbled an apology. The street I had just backed out of looked normal. The traffic was loud. My heart was pounding and I stopped a cab and got out of the city as fast as I could. Even though it was fascinating it was also terrifying. (Reddit)

## The Red Room in the Ruins of Tikal, Guatemala

Two people visiting Mayan ruins saw a room freshly painted with scenes, Most likely they saw an akashic record of that place as it once existed many centuries ago. They also heard an unfamiliar language. The reason for their experience might lie in the fact that many ancient buildings were built on special energy spots. The mentioning of the trance state is also interesting.

This is the weirdest thing that has ever happened to me, and even though it happened years ago I have never stopped thinking about it.

When I was 12 years old (around 2007) my family and I went to visit the Mayan City of Tikal, in Guatemala. There were a lot of people at the park as it was a high season for tourism.

We spent the whole day at the place and around lunchtime we all sat in front of a small ruin to eat and rest for a little bit. I finished eating quickly and asked if anyone wanted to look inside that particular ruin with me; my aunt agreed to come along and the rest of the family stayed outside.

That particular ruin was much smaller compared to all the main structures and it was only built on floor level. My aunt and I went inside and walked through a few small doorways or portals of the ruin. We walked for a few minutes and then realized everything was really, really quiet, which made us a bit nervous.

As the ruin was small, there was no way we could have walked a long distance from the outside where the rest of the tourists were. We also realized that unlike the other ruins we had visited that day, there was no one else in there, just my aunt and I.

We got anxious and decided to return to the rest of our family. We started walking through the same small doorways on our way back.

As we walked through one of the doorways we suddenly saw something we hadn't seen on our way in. There was a painting on the wall. It was a drawing of people standing and sitting around some kind of plaza. It looked like an ancient Mayan market.

My aunt and I where completely mesmerized by the painting as the colors looked extremely vibrant and it looked as it had been painted quite recently, definitely not centuries ago.

We started discussing that, and when we looked around the whole room was painted in vibrant red instead of the normally washed gray of the ruins It looked like a place where people were currently living or using.

We turned back to stare at the painting, and then we could hear a lot of people talking, though we couldn't really understand what they were saying.

We spent a few minutes just staring at the painting and listening, we were in some sort of trance as we didn't move or talk anymore, we could just stare at the painting for what felt at the same time both as seconds and as hours.

Suddenly, my aunt mentioned that we should go back to our family, so we left, but made sure we knew exactly how to get back to the red room, so we could show how amazing it was to our family.

We got back to our family, and they asked why we had taken so long inside

there. Apparently we had left for about half an hour, and they thought we might have gone somewhere else but were waiting for us to come back.

My aunt and I were still really excited about the red room, so we told our family to come see it with us. We went inside and walked through all the same doorways to get back to the place, but we were never able to find it.

We walked all the way around the ruin, in and out of it, but it was gone. The only thing we could find was a room that kind of looked similar in structure but without any of the vibrant colors, just the normal ancient gray of the discolored ruins.

On one of the walls we saw what we think could have been the painting we saw earlier, but the paint was almost completely gone. We couldn't even make out the figures on it anymore.

My aunt and I were really, really anxious and kept looking around, we couldn't believe it was gone. We had been there just minutes ago. The rest of our family just laughed and dismissed it saying we were probably trying to make a dumb joke.

We left the place but my aunt and I couldn't stop thinking about it. We never found any explanation, and we still talk about it nowadays, even if no one else believed us. We both know we saw something really strange.

EDIT: Link to the park's site: tikalnationalpark.org

Coordinates to the ruins: 17°13'00.0"N 89°37'00.0"W

(Reddit)

## Scene from the 1800s While Driving

I live in Milan, MI, and I experienced something just like this. I was driving in Dundee, MI about 5 miles away from Milan with my 5 year old when all of a sudden everything changed to some time in the 1800's and I was driving at night so there were no people around anywhere! All of a sudden my surroundings changed. It was light and people from the 1800's all around. I slammed on my breaks because a lady pushing one of those old baby carriages was crossing the road right in front of me. It was so so weird, and everything changed around me but not me, because I remember looking around the car and at my daughter. I can't believe this is a real thing, because I thought I was going crazy. Still I have told my husband and maybe one other person and they listened but thought I was making it up. I'm sure, so not something you want to share with someone who has no idea what you're talking about! They just think you are nuts or a fabricator! I want to add, this only happened for seconds maybe, not long at all and then it was gone and I was sleepy, so I just wrote it off but when you think about something you know happened you want to make sense of it. (Mysterious Universe)

# Back to the 1800s on Double-decker Bus in London

My mother's 'displacement' experience happened as she was traveling on the top deck of a double-decker bus in London in around the 1950s, which is where all the experiences happened. (We are Swedish, but lived in London). As she was sitting there, she became aware of suddenly being out in the open, and she looked around to see that she was on the top deck of an 1800s horse-drawn double-decker omnibus. She said she froze in shock. The streets and everything around her had changed to what looked like early pre-Victorian times, and everyone was dressed in long dresses and frock coats. She panicked and tried to speak the other women sitting up there with her, but she said they didn't answer her and she wasn't sure if they could see her.

It only lasted a few minutes, and then she was back where she belonged. She had never heard of anything like that, and in fact none of us had, until I decided to do a search on it the other night.  Mum was wide awake and alert, and definitely not given to flights of fancy. She only told a couple of people; naturally Dad was one, and then me. (Time Slip Accounts)

# Walking Through a Hospital

Seeing is believing, as they say and when I was 16 years old I saw some weird shit.
My dad had had every illness under the sun -- you name it, he suffered from it, so spending much of my childhood in hospitals and hospital wards was nothing new to me; I enjoyed it, in fact. At the time I was too fucking young and stupid to realise that my father was dying slowly and each time he went into the hospital, the chances of him making home again lessened. Frankly, I saw the hospital as an adventure.
One such adventure happened when my parents were meeting with the doctor about my father's condition. I decided to take a walk, not really caring where to, just... somewhere besides the cafeteria or my dad's ward. And walk I did. It was around 10 minutes or so when I realised I was in what looked like the older part of the hospital - it certainly didn't have the sterile shine of my dad's ward or the rest of the hospital. But no one stopped to tell me I shouldn't be there so I continued on. Not a thing seemed off to me, though until a nurse passed me wearing what I recognised as a 1950's/1960's nurses uniform. I knew nothing of 1950's nurses attire, of course but I'd seen enough movies and TV shows to recognise one. Another passed me, pushing an old hospital trolley. I stopped only once to look into one of the wards and what I saw still makes the hairs on my forearm stand up. The floor was brown and chequered and I'd never seen so many beds in one place before in all my life. I saw an old man sitting up in his bed, wearing a brown dressing gown over what I assumed was pyjamas. He didn't see me but I stared at this old man for what seemed like 10 minutes and I had never seen someone so sad in all my life. Even now as I write this, I can feel myself wanting to cry. This old man looked lost… or forgotten. I don't really have

the words but I felt his sadness penetrate me.
I don’t remember finding my way back to my dad’s ward or if I turned back after seeing what I saw. I just have no memory of what followed. (Reddit)

## An 1800s Store Front

It’s 3am and I just got off the phone with my mom. We were talking about how she was at the California Mission called San Juan Baptista with her husband and his family. They were passing an antique shop when a headband with flowers a la Frida Kahlo caught her eye. She looked at it and considered buying it, but decided not to. When she looked back up at the storefront, she saw it in an old style, with double windows and a display of old fashioned looking items. She said the window frames were wood and the sign above the door was hand painted. Through the window she saw a “Mexican man, or maybe Spanish,” wearing a hat, “like from the 1800s.” She stares at the man, taking in the appearance of him and his old fashioned clothing, as her husband pushed the door to let her in. She says she doesn’t know why but she expected there to be steps at the entrance to the shop, there were none. When she got past the threshold the shop looked modern again. Startled, she told her husband and his family what she just saw and asked if they had seen it too. Nobody had. (Reddit)

## Scene in Doge's Palace in Venice, Italy, 1550s

Location: Doge's Palace, Venice, Italy

When: Summer of 1997 (and somewhere around the 1500s???)

What happened: Transported/Temporarily slipped through time. So, I was an U.S. Air Force brat (military dependent, father was enlisted in the Air Force) living in Germany and had travelled to Venice with family during summer vacation. Encountered a lot of new things, like riding the train into Venice, gondolas, Italian architecture and a brief stint in 1400s-1600s Doge's Palace. Myself, my mother, father and my uncle's family were touring the city and we wound up at Doge's palace following behind a tour group and just meandering around the grounds. We walked into a large room that was referred to as the "courtroom". It was about the size of an indoor basketball court ( but a lower ceiling) and I remember the tour guide mentioning something about the scandalous and deadly events that took place there. I think he was talking about Marino Failero at the time. Anyway, I remember looking at the back of my mother's head and then doing a survey of the room. It was really crowded with tourists and there were bright lamps and wall lights everywhere. There was the sea of noise from multiple ethnic and culture groups intermingling together. Anyone who's been to international tourist-y places knows the loud murmur of multiple dialects and languages being spoken at once. As soon as my vision broke away from the back of mother's head, she instantaneously disappeared, as did that murmur of people. In my peripheral vision, I could see a vast difference in the amount of light being cast in

the room and the change in light temperature/hues. Everything was suddenly muted and flickering. The room still had the same dimensions and the same general layout, but suddenly any and all signs of modern society had simply vanished. The whole room suddenly had a very different feeling about. A heaviness, an air of hostility took over the room. It was menacing and dark unlike the current state of light and airy. I could see the soot patterns on the room and the torches casting a faint trail of it skyward towards the ceiling. Something about the light and shadows stands out about this encounter more than anything else I remember. The transition from modern day to the past was nearly instant, however slow enough to process the fact that something was changing, much like someone walking past a doorway and casting a shadow over a room. In this.....temporal instance of time dilation or whatever, I could see people, two guards with pike like weapons standing by one of the doorways. I could clearly see skeletal structure of the room, as if someone peeled back the opulence from the walls and ceiling. The throne was still where was in modern times, but everything else about the room seemed vacant. I began to pivot, in order to doublecheck that I was in the right place and not lost, the whole time soaking in the visual and auditory surroundings. I could hear someone walking down the hall towards the doorway with the two guards posted by it. I could hear that hollow echo of each footstep as it echoed off the bare walls, floor and ceiling in this large open space. The cadence of the footsteps had a sense of purpose and confidence that implied that they belonged there. As I was still pivoting around to see what the hell was going on, I locked eyes with the man who's footsteps I could hear approaching. He stopped in the doorway and locked eyes with me for a brief second as if I wasn't supposed to be there. I wasn't sure what was happening but I immediately got the impression that he wasn't sure what to make of me either. I remember him having a mustache, trimmed but not precise, deep, dark brown eyes, a pursed mouth. At this point, we're talking about 15-20 seconds of time has elapsed since I saw the back of my mother's head leave my sight. I could feel the adrenaline gearing up and the "fight or flight" response getting ready to launch. I figured that I wasn't sure what was going on, but I didn't think I wanted to stick around to find out what that guy thought about my presence either. Suddenly I felt a tap on my shoulder and snapped around quickly to confront whatever. It was my mother. Before I could process the information feeding from my eyes to my brain, I was suddenly back in the brightly lit, loud, busy room I room I was just in before these events. It was like way a TV displays an image and then redraws the screen. One millisecond, I was a couple of hundred years in the past, the next millisecond, I was right back in modern time. My mother had a puzzled look on her face and asked me "Where did you go?". That about caused me to shit myself. My mother was referring to the fact that I, apparently, suddenly stopped in mid movement in the room and just seemingly "checked out" for a second. I told her what I had just experienced. She, being a very weird religious person, attributed it to the Devil and evil spirits and just kinda moved on. I was bewildered and immediately left the area and waited for everyone else to finish their tour of the palace while I waited outside questioning reality for an hour. To this day, I have no fucking idea what happened and am barely able to

describe the experience with any degree of precision that does it justice. I had a few "Unsolved Mysteries" moments while living in Europe but this one was leaps and bounds above the rest. I suppose that with my active imagination, passive environmental observations and power of suggestion, I could have just had a funky brain fart moment, but vividness and time lapse were so visceral. I don't openly advertise this and while I find the paranormal an interesting subject, I don't believe any of it. This is the closest experience I've had with something that could potentially change those beliefs.

What I can recall of his dress [of the man his saw] was something dark and cool in color, like blues/greens that were almost black. He appeared to be wearing a cape that didn't go to the floor, but stopped around his hip area. He had dark colored gloves as well. Stocking/tights for pants and heeled shoes, but the details get more fuzzy the further away from his face I go. He appeared to be carrying some rolled up paper in left hand. There wasn't any jewelry I could see, but the attachment pieces for the cape thing appeared to be cast metal of some kind. (Reddit)

## Walking into a Historical Battle Scene at Bradbourne, England

There's a village called Bradbourne, but it's only a village now because most of the people died in the great plague and it was abandoned mainly, but it has a very big minster church that used to have a community of lay brothers there.

There's a standing stone at the back. I've experienced time travel touching that stone where everything changes. There's also a field not far from there where there are intersecting lay lines and very, very energy. I walked across there in a sort of semi-meditative state one afternoon, and I was suddenly in the middle of a Civil War battle. I hadn't known at all that there had been a battle there. Suddenly I was in it. There you go. So, these these timey-wimey things can happen. I think most people just don't talk about them because we don't want to be thought of as needing medication. Yes, absolutely. I went out extremely quickly because it's not a pleasant experience. (YouTube)

## Scene of Old Campus on College Grounds

The following is from a newspaper article of the Lincoln Evening Journal (a historic daily afternoon newspaper published in Lincoln, Nebraska ) of Oct 31, 1963, Page 1 and 8:

**Wesleyan Mystery: What Did She See? Can Unknown Dimension Recast Past and People?**

By ROSE SIPE

The realm of probability... where is possible, where anything can happen. Have you ever found yourself in a phenomenal situation where you felt there could be no possible explanation? Do the ghosts of beloved persons return to familiar

places? Is there another dimension generally unseen and unfelt which suddenly, but rarely, injects itself into our dimension of life and realm of living? Does time in its march sometime regress to scenes and activities of yesterday?

**It happened here**

On Oct. 3 Mrs. Coleen Buterbaugh of 1940 No. 59th, secretary to Dr. Sam Dahl, Dean of the College of Nebraska Wesleyan, walked briskly across the Wesleyan campus to the C. C. White Bldg., one of the older buildings on campus used mainly as a music hall. It was 8:50 a.m. as she walked down the long corridor to an office at the end of the hall. Sounds in the building, a marimba playing, the chatter of students changing classes, rang in her ears. She had been sent there to find Dr. Tom McCourt, the visiting lecturer from Scotland. Entering McCourt's office, which consists of a two-room suite, she found all windows open and the room empty.

Sudden quietness taking about four steps into the front room of the suite, a very strong odor of musty stale air hit her in the face, "as if someone had turned on a gas jet and let the odor escape." "Mrs. Buterbaugh came to a stand-still, then, noticing a sudden quietness in the outer hall.

"I had the strange feel that I was not in the office alone.  I looked up and just for what must have been a few seconds I saw the figure of a woman standing, with her back to me, at a cabinet in the second office. She was reaching up into one of the drawers." Mrs, Buterbaugh recalled. She described the image as a very tall, slender, black haired woman, dressed in a long-sleeved shirtwaist white blouse and a long ankle length, brown skirt. She did not see her face.

**Not Alone**

Mrs. Buterbaugh continued, "I still felt that I was not alone. I felt the presence of a man sitting at the desk to my left, but as I turned around, there was no one there.

"I gazed out the large window behind the desk and recall that the scenery seemed to be that of many years ago. There were no streets, the new Willard sorority house that now stands just across the lawn was not there, nothing outside was modern.

"By then I was frightened, so I turned and left the room."

Mrs. Buterbaugh returned to her office, convinced that what she saw was only her imagination and ridiculous to worry about.

She recalled that as she tried to concentrate on her work, the experience she had just encountered persisted in her mind and she found it impossible to work. She had to talk to someone.

Dr. Dahl was very serious as he listened closely to story. Mrs. Buterbaugh and Dr. Dahl related the story to Dr. Glenn Callen, professor of Political Science and Sociology at Wesleyan and chairman of the Division of Social Sciences.

Dr. Callen had been graduated from Nebraska Wesleyan in 1900 and had been on

the faculty ever since. He knew of a woman, once a music teacher at Wesleyan, who seemed to fit the description of the woman Mrs. Buterbaugh had seen in the room at C..C. White.

Checking further, Mrs. Buterbaugh found that the woman was a Miss Clara Mills who came to Wesleyan in 1912 as head of the Theory Dept. and instructor in piano and ear training. She had lived in University Place, before it was annexed to Lincoln, at 415 E. 16th. Tracing disclosed that she died at about 60 years of age either in 1937 or 1938 in her office at C. C. White. Dr. Caller recalled that Miss Mills had walked to school one morning in the spring against a very strong cold wind and a student had Mrs. Buterbaugh recounts a veteran of the found her dead at her office desk about 9 a.m., the office just across the hall from where Mrs. Buterbaugh had her unusual experience.

(Newspapers by Ancestry)

## An Old Saloon

Mrs. Rebecca B. from the Philadelphia area:

"My husband and I were traveling on River Road from Route 611, on our way to the Poconos. We should have been in the Easton area when we 'hit the curve,' but we were not. I knew the trip by heart because I had been going that route since infancy to visit my grandfather. Over the years, despite storms and floods, much of the landscape and housing was the same.

"Yet on this trip, all of a sudden we found ourselves in this very strange place. We stopped. Across the street was an old saloon made of wood, the doors wide open, with darkness inside. The sidewalk was not of cement but rather a raised wooden sidewalk unlike anything we had ever seen outside of old movies. The people standing in front of the saloon were wearing work clothes, jeans, flannel shirts, Stetson type hats, and there was a dog and a couple men standing and one sitting on the 'porch,' his feet dangling down. One woman with a Grapes of Wrath–type cotton dress was there also. Everything seemed covered with dust—building, shoes— earthy dust, not coal dust.

"There was nobody on the road except my husband and I, and the townspeople stood and stared at us also with a haunting look, as if to say, 'what the hell are you doing here?' "We felt unsafe and not in the right place, and decided to drive off. The road was like a dirt road, bumpy and rutted with a dust effect not seen anywhere else on our journey. The incident happened in broad daylight, there were no other vehicles around (which is strange) . . . and there was no sound at all."

(The Supernatural by Hans Holzer (2003), page 187-188)